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Mrs. Morrison allowed Jessie to place her table under the trees, where she sat to sell her flowers to persons passing by. p. 41

JESSIE MORRISON,

OR

THE MISSION FLOWERS.

BY

HARRIET B. McKEEVER.



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JESSIE MORRISON,

OR

THE MISSION FLOWERS.



CHAPTER I.

ROSE COTTAGE.

ROSE cottage, what a pretty name! Somewhat hidden by green trees, it stood in a sweet, secluded spot at the end of a shady lane.

It was an humble dwelling, situated beyond the outskirts of a large city, but it was the abode of piety and peace.

The house was an old fashioned stone building, with low ceilings, and small

windows, having a piazza stretching along the front, with small rude benches for seats.

A smooth green lane, a row of very fine trees, which bordered the lane, twining roses climbing up the posts, and at the south end of the house, creeping, in their luxuriance, almost into the chamber windows, gave a tasteful air to the rural spot.

The little homestead occupied a space of about ten acres; the grounds nearest the house were laid out in beds and paths filled with beautiful flowers.

At the end of the garden, stood a green house; beyond lay a large vegetable patch, one third of which was assigned for corn.

Beyond this patch, stood the small stable for a couple of cows and a horse; on the opposite side was seen the neat

little spring house, shaded by a fine old oak. All the rest was laid out in orchards of rare fruit trees.

A sign on one of the trees at the front, on which was painted,

ROBERT MORRISON, FLORIST,

indicated the calling of the occupant.

Perfect neatness reigned everywhere. Nicely whitewashed fences, clean garden paths, plants carefully tied up, a clean stable and spring house, where every milk-pan was shining like silver, all indicated that the careful hand of industry ruled over the pleasant spot. Even the dog-house was as neat as could be, and old Tray himself looked as if he took a daily bath, so purely white was his shaggy back.

The house consisted of a roomy kitchen covered with a new rag carpet,

where brilliant red and green predominated. On one side of the room stood a large fire place, where a fine cooking stove was placed; at one end a comfortable settee covered with cushions of domestic manufacture, offered a place of repose for the weary father, when the day's toils were over.

A large pine table scrubbed as white as soap and sand could make it; one of smaller dimensions with a green baize cover which was brought out on evenings when the family assembled with their work; a cradle in the corner where baby cowered and played with her little bare feet, were also found in this snug little kitchen. Added to these, were a rocking chair for mother, a large arm chair for father, a few plain windsor chairs, two or three smaller ones, a dresser white as possible, on

which glistened dishes and other articles for household uses, with drawers filled with table cloths and towels, and underneath, closets where the cleanest pots and kettles might be seen at any time. On one side of the room hung a few shelves for books; on the principal shelf of which, lay the time honoured family Bible, whose well worn pages told that it was not placed there for show, but for daily use. Several books on horticulture, some children's Sabbath-school and hymn books, a number of volumes, the lives of good men and women, the works of Doddridge, Bunyan, Legh Richmond, and Hannah More, with others, might lead one to hope that intelligent piety dwelt beneath that humble roof.

The family parlour was very plainly, but neatly furnished; an ingrain carpet,

a neat sofa with a chintz cover, some cane-seat chairs, a book-case well filled, and a couple of comfortable rocking chairs ; a plain looking-glass, a few pictures, green blinds to the windows, and a few vases for flowers, completed the simple furniture.

A shed outside of the kitchen was suitably provided with articles for rough work, where the washing and ironing were done, in order to keep the kitchen neat as a sitting room.

Above were three plainly furnished sleeping rooms, all covered with nice rag carpets, having plain white muslin curtains shading the windows ; above were two garrets, where the working people slept, when busy seasons made it necessary to hire a few hands.

Robert Morrison, the tenant of this comfortable dwelling, was a poor man,

a Scotchman by birth ; he was a man of sterling worth and piety, was well educated, and united to a wife of real excellence. In early life he had married Mary McDonald, a Highland lass, who, having been trained in all the virtues of the Scotch peasantry, was industrious and economical ; but most of all, being truly pious, she had proved a great blessing to the young man, who had sought a home in America, some years after his marriage.

They had commenced life with very little, but the blessing of God had smiled upon their humble efforts, and Robert was now able to rent the place which we have described ; and enjoying many of the comforts, but none of the luxuries of life, he was enabled to bring up his young family decently, in habits of order, industry, and piety.

His family consisted of Effie, the eldest daughter; Alexander, or Sandie, as he was generally called, aged fifteen; Jessie thirteen, Robert ten, and Mattie the baby.

Effie had been left at service, in the manse of her native parish, and the letters which they constantly received, were very encouraging to the parents' hearts; occasionally they heard from their minister, who gave gratifying accounts of her excellence.

Sandie, Jessie, and Robert, were all at school; under the guidance of good parents, they were generally among the most punctual and diligent of all the scholars, not only at the day-school, but also at the Sunday-school, which was taught about a mile from their home.

Though, by careful industry, the pa-

rents kept their children neat and comfortable, little was left beyond the means necessary to provide for their daily wants. Very anxious to educate their children, these wise parents kept them longer at school than was usual among labouring people, as they knew how to value the benefits of a good and thorough training in early life. Many called them proud, and wondered why Sandie Morrison was any better than their own sons, who had to help their parents earn their living; but the father looked to the future, and believed that a few years, now, of careful culture, though it caused him to hire more hands in the busy season, was really gain for the future of his dear son; therefore, with real Scotch independence, he pursued his own quiet path of duty.

CHAPTER II.

A WINTER EVENING.

IT had snowed all day, the children had come in brimful of excitement, followed by old Tray, who enjoyed the fun of a race in the snow, equally with the rest.

“Down, Tray!” exclaimed Robert, as the shaggy old dog was bounding around the little boy, in the excess of his delight. While they were shaking the snow from their clothes, and knocking it off their shoes, the father entered, his hat and coat covered with snowy fleece, and his hands benumbed with working in the cold.

“Here, father,” said Jessie, “sit down

in your big chair, I'll take off your boots, and get your nice warm socks ; let me rub your hands, father, they look so cold." Sandie put away his hat and over-coat, Jessie saw him comfortably seated before a warm fire, then taking the little chair by his side, affectionately rubbed his coarse hands. These little offices warmed the good man's heart, as well as his cold hands ; and something stood in the corner of his eye, which he hastily wiped away, while he smiled kindly on his little girl.

If children only knew the preciousness of kind words and grateful attentions to their dear parents, if they only knew what sweet thrills of joy these trifling acts send through their hearts, they certainly would more frequently seek, each in a happy home, to kindle

up this warm glow of parental and filial love, and to scatter these rays of sunshine around the family hearth.

It was a pretty picture of domestic happiness in that lowly kitchen; puss purred under the stove, old Tray stretched himself out near his master, while Mattie crowed and played in the cradle.

The wind howled terribly around the house, as Mr. Morrison looked out upon the winter landscape. "Robert, this is a real Highland snow, drifting and blowing in every direction; it seems to me, that we shall be buried in it before morning."

"Father," said Sandie, "shan't we go to school to-morrow in the old sleigh? It has been so long since we have had a ride."

"Yes, my son, if the snow is not too

deep, but sometimes such a drifting snow makes the banks too heavy to plough through early in the morning, before the roads are broken."

With a feeling of real comfort, Mrs. Morrison turned to attend to her household cares. Jessie set the table for supper, while her mother prepared the meal, baked some nice batter cakes, and cooked a substantial stew for her wearied husband.

Seated around the table, they seemed a comfortable, happy party; and with feelings of real gratitude, the father asked for a blessing on the humble meal.

Little Mattie, seated in her high chair, laughed and crowed, and patted her little hands, pointing to many of the good things on the table, which mother did not choose baby to have,

so she had to be contented with her nice little porringer of bread and milk.

Old Tray drew nearer to the table, and setting himself up in a begging posture, gave his master many signals of his wishes, by his rough paw laid upon his lap, or jogging his elbow. Puss perched herself upon a chair near to Jessie, and mewed wishfully for her share.

“Father,” said Jessie, “I have been thinking a great deal about last Sunday.”

“Well, my child, what was done then?”

“Why, father, it was the day of our Missionary Meeting, and Mr. Gilbert told us so many beautiful stories about ways of doing good, that I wondered what I could do.”

“Well, my daughter, you know the

old saying, 'Where there's a will, there's a way.'

"That's just what Mr. Gilbert said. Now I think that I have the will, how shall I find the way? He told us such a nice story about 'little Mary Wood, who did what she could;' indeed, father, I felt so badly, when I saw that almost all the children had something to hand in, but I had nothing."

"God has been very good to us, my child; we ought to do something in return for him. Now I think of a plan; you and Sandie shall have a bed in the garden, which you may cultivate yourselves; all the flowers raised there, you may sell on market-days, and do what you please with the money; for a commencement, you may begin with the first crocuses, and snow-drops, and

we will call the bed, 'Missionary Flowers.' "

"Thank you, dear father," said Jessie, as she threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him, "that will be delightful. I know that we shall make a great deal of money; part of it shall help you too. I think that if we are industrious, and take good care of our garden, the money will buy all our shoes, and still have a great deal for the Missionary box."

"I will tell you how to manage your flowers, Jessie. I have many seeds to give you; there are already many bulbous roots in the bed, which will be among the first flowers; the seeds we will plant early in the green house, and set them out in the spring as soon as it is perfectly safe."

"Oh! father, I wish spring would

come ; let us see ; how long must we wait ? This is January ; when will the crocuses and snow-drops appear ?”

“ I think we generally have them in March.”

Perfectly delighted, the children kept on chatting about their new plan, with all the enthusiasm of warm young hearts. Little Robert sat thoughtfully listening to all their talk ; at last drawing near to his father, he looked up wistfully in his face, and said,

“ Father, I must do something too. You know I have a pair of pet pigeons ; they have always been my pets, my playthings ; but now I mean to raise their young ones, and take them to market too, if you will let me.”

“ You shall do so, my little boy. I will find the corn, and I dare say that

you will make a great deal of money for the Lord's treasury."

"Now, Tray," said Jessie, "do you know, sir, that we are going to have a beautiful garden? and I tell you what it is, sir, you had better not run over it with your heavy paws; and, pussy, don't let me see you scratching round the plants, and biting the flowers. I should not like to pull your teeth, and cut your claws, but, pussy, I'll have to punish you, if you spoil my flowers;" and thus the excited little girl continued to talk, until the signal for family worship; when the large Bible was brought out, the hymn books distributed, and the happy family commended to the care of their kind heavenly Father; the children's plan of benevolence was especially brought before

the Lord, and his blessing invoked upon the undertaking.

They retired with their heads full of the new scheme.

“We shall have hyacinths and tulips, jonquils and daisies, violets, hearts-ease, and sweet lilies of the valley; then we shall have roses and phlox, petunias, pinks, china-asters, ladies-slippers, mignonette, heliotrope, and geraniums. Oh! how I wish spring would come!” said Jessie, as she fell asleep, and dreamed of flowers.

Next morning she had nearly forgotten her daily work, which her mother had appointed her; her little head was almost turned.

“My child,” said her wise mother, “you must not allow yourself to be so much excited; you have forgotten to dress your little sister. I do not think

that you have looked at your lessons once this morning; you have done nothing but talk to yourself ever since you first arose; if a plan intended for good is allowed to make you so negligent, it must be given up."

"Forgive me, mother," said the impulsive child; "I will try to do better, and wait patiently for God to send the pleasant spring."

When they looked out upon the road in the morning, the children found that the ox-carts were busily engaged in breaking up the snow, and their father bade them prepare for a ride to school. Muffled in their warmest winter garments, with joyful hearts, followed by old Tray, they started off in the old sleigh.

The sound of the bells, and the cold, frosty morning, exhilarated their spirits,

and pleasantly talking about their bed of flowers, they enjoyed their winter ride.

Ploughing wearily through the snow-drifts, they perceived little John and Mary Simpson, very poor children, who went to the same school that they attended. Mary was a very little girl, and seemed to walk with great difficulty.

“Good morning, Mary,” said Jessie, “don’t you find it hard to get along?”

The poor child turned her face to Jessie, who perceived that tears were streaming down her purple cheeks.

“I am very cold, Jessie, for I have no stockings on my feet.”

“Father,” said the kind child, “shall we not take them into our sleigh?”

“To be sure,” answered Mr. Morrison; “come in, children, we can make

room for you ;” and in they jumped. Jessie saw that poor little Mary’s feet were purple with the cold, and from the way in which she complained, she feared that they were frost-bitten ; moreover, she had on a threadbare blanket shawl, and a thin calico dress. John was not much better off. Without stockings, and with thin, worn-out clothes, he also seemed a suffering child.

Jessie remembered her mother’s closet of old clothes, kept carefully mended for those poorer than herself. She thought of a warm winter hood, some comfortable stockings, and an old cloak of her mother’s, which had been altered for some child. Her kind heart was full of the good which she hoped to do to the little children.

“ Sit close to me,” said Jessie, as she hugged up the little shivering thing,

and covered her under her own warm blanket-shawl.

That was a pleasant morning ride, and when they drove up to the school-room door, Jessie's cheeks glowed not more brightly from the cold frosty air, and cheerful drive, than from the warm glow which welled up from a loving heart.

Some naughty, envious children laughed at the humble party, as they sprang out of the sleigh. "What a splendid turn out! and what grand company! Where did you pick up those beggars?" But Sandie and Jessie did not mind their silly talk; they were too glad to have made the poor shivering children happy for one morning; and those cruel words fell upon hearts too full of kind thoughts just then, to

have any room for anger, spite, or revenge.

When they drove back from school, they took the children home, and Jessie did not rest quietly with kind words and good intentions, but saw that both were provided with warm stockings; Mary with a good cloak and hood, and John with warm clothes for winter. There was a will in Mrs. Morrison's heart to do good, and she was also sure to find many ways, even with her slender means.

“Mother,” said Jessie, “when I saw you throw aside Sandie's old clothes, I never thought that they would do any body good, but you have patched and cleaned them so nicely, that really they look quite decent on poor little John; and it did my heart good to see the nice hood, which you have made

out of my poor old skirt, and I was so glad to see the bright little face that sparkled underneath. Mother, it takes a very little to make us happy. Isn't it a pleasant thing to do good?"

CHAPTER III.

SPRING FLOWERS AND BUDS OF PIETY.

“My children,” said the mother, “you seem greatly interested in your missionary plan; do you ever ask what is the reason that you feel so anxious about it?”

“Why mother,” said Sandie, blushing, “to tell the truth, I suppose that I don’t want the other scholars to bring more money than I; and then I guess, sometimes I have felt ashamed to let it be known how poor we are, and then if I take as much money as the rest, they will never know how I got it.”

“These are not right notions in the sight of God, Sandie; all must be done

from love to Jesus, or else it will not be a pleasant offering to your heavenly Father."

"How is it with you, Jessie?"

"When I first began to think about it, I fear that my reasons were no better than my brother's; but, mother, every day, I think more and more of my own sins. I have wondered if it is exactly right to be thinking and working for the heathen, while my own heart needs the gift of the Holy Ghost; and then, mother, I think more of my Saviour; I pray to him to take my heart and make it all his own. Sometimes, mother, I feel as if I could do anything for him, and think how sweet it will be to take the lovely flowers which he has made, and use them in his service."

A tear glistened in the mother's eye,

as she listened to this artless story, and hailed the little germ of youthful piety, putting out its first green shoot. She took Jessie alone, and bowing before the mercy-seat, prayed most earnestly, that the tender bud might open, and produce the full blown flower of devotedness to God.

Jessie continued to manifest much interest in missions. She read all the little Sunday-school papers, and childish books, which described the condition of the heathen, or the labours of missionaries in foreign lands.

Sometimes her thoughts would travel far away to India, and she would weep over the little children sacrificed in the river Ganges; then again to China, and occasionally, she would wonder what her own lot in life would be, and whether she might not at some

future day become a missionary, but these were scarcely whispered thoughts. Meanwhile, her young heart was really touched with love to her Redeemer. She was very earnest and faithful in her hours of devotion, and gave evidence, by her daily life of humble piety, that she had, indeed, been with Jesus, and learned of him, the great Teacher, holy lessons of humility and love.

Winter was rapidly speeding by, the snow lay long upon the ground, the children began to watch anxiously for its melting, for then they expected to see the bright-eyed crocus, and the pure snow-drop, and like eager childhood, they watched for their first visit to market.

“Oh! Sandie, come here,” cried Jessie, one morning in March, “here is the first snow-drop;” and sure enough,

there peeped up through the white snow, the delicate green shoots of the sweet harbinger of spring. Their first visit every morning was to their garden, where they anxiously watched for the dawning of the smiling-eyed crocus.

One Saturday morning, early, what was their delight to see a beautiful bed of those delicate spring flowers, the pure snow-drop, the white, the lilac, and pale-yellow crocus, all smiling on them so brightly on the still chilly spring morning !

“Look, father, at our beautiful flowers,” said Jessie ; “shall we go to market to day ?”

“Get ready, my children, arrange your bouquets, and we will offer your flowers. I hope that you may be successful.”

“I know we shall,” said Jessie, with a bright smile, “for I have constantly prayed for God’s blessing, and he has promised to answer even children’s prayers.”

The father laid his hand upon her head, and blessed his child.

“What must we ask, father?” said Sandie.

“I think eight cents a bunch would be sufficient.”

As soon as the neat market wagon was brought up to the door, Sandie and Jessie, neatly clad, with their little basket of twenty bouquets, stepped in, full of joyous anticipations. The mother stood smiling at the door, and little Robert called out, “My turn will come as soon as I have young pigeons. I hope that you will sell all your flowers.”

“Good bye, children,” said the mother. “God bless you, darlings.”

“What do you think, Sandie?” said Jessie. “Do you expect any one to buy our flowers?”

“To be sure I do, Jessie; you know the first spring flowers are always so welcome.”

“If we sell all, we shall have one dollar and sixty cents. We will put one dollar aside for missions, and the rest in a fund to help father. We know how much good even a dollar may do.”

“We have a good father, Jessie, and I think that it will please God for us to help him. You know that the commandment says, ‘Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.’ My Sunday-school

teacher says, that means, that God will give special blessings to good, obedient children in this world, and if they obey for the sake of pleasing God, in the world to come, life everlasting."

So they continued chatting, until the wagon stopped at the market. Soon, all the produce was taken out, and arranged upon the stall belonging to Mr. Morrison.

The flowers were stood in two large basins of water, which the children had brought with them.

Anxiously they watched the people as they passed; several stopped to look at, and admire the fresh flowers, but for some time no one purchased.

At last, a pleasant looking lady, attracted by Jessie's sweet, modest face, and the lovely flowers she was tending, drew near, and asked the

price. When told, she replied, "These are just what I want for my sick daughter. She has been sick for many months, and really longs for the sight of spring flowers. Give me two bunches;" and taking them, paid to the delighted children, the amount of their first sale. Jessie smiled at the silver, as she jingled it in her hand, and then deposited it in her little purse.

Next, came a little girl. "Oh! what a sweet bouquet! What do you ask for your flowers?" On being told, she took a bunch, paying for them, and saying, "These are for my mother; it will be such a surprise; she does not know that flowers have come yet," and away she tripped, with her gift of love.

Then came the keeper of an ice-cream saloon, wishing several to decorate his rooms; he purchased six

bunches. Jessie was in high spirits. "Father, see how fast we are selling; I think we shall part with all."

For a while, several passed by. At last, Jessie's Sunday-school teacher, Miss Ross, stopped at the stall.

"Come, look at my flowers, Miss Ross," said Jessie; "do you know what we call them? Missionary flowers."

"And why, my dear?"

When Jessie told her artless story, Miss Ross took two bunches, and bade her God-speed in her work of love.

Soon several ladies called, sent by her kind teacher, and by the time market was over, all the flowers were sold, and the children went home, the delighted owners of one dollar and sixty cents.

"See, mother, look at our purse," said Jessie, "we have sold all our

pretty flowers ; now, where shall we put our money ?”

Mr. Morrison gave them two boxes, with a lock and key. In one they placed one dollar for missions, and in the other, sixty cents for shoes.

When Jessie retired to her bed that night, she was a happy child, and thanked her heavenly Father for the success which he had given her.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST OFFERING.

WARMED by the sun, which daily became more powerful, the seeds which had been planted began to sprout ; and the daily walk of little Jessie gave evidence that the blessed Spirit was also ripening, in her young heart, the fruits of holiness.

“ Sandie, what are these plants just beginning to show their green leaves ? ”

“ I think, sister, that they look like hyacinths ; but it will be some time before we have any flowers. ”

“ How good God is, Sandie ! He has not only given us plenty to eat, but he makes the flowers smile upon us,

though we are so sinful and ungrateful. You know, Sandie, that he need not have made any at all, but they must be sent, just to please us. I often think how strange it is, that we do not all love God, he has done so much for us. Sandie, do you never think of heaven? If this world is so beautiful, even where there is so much sin, what must that world be where all are holy!"

And thus the sweet flowers preached to the children lessons of peace and love.

All the time not devoted to labour, or study, was spent in the garden; up in the morning early, they were busily occupied in setting out their young plants in one part of their flower bed, and in keeping them clear of weeds; soon the most lovely of the spring flowers gladdened their eyes: hyacinths of

every hue, tulips of richest dye, pure lilies of the valley, modest, fragrant violets, jonquils, daffodils, and bluebells, rewarded their pleasant toil.

Now the flowers were so abundant, that once a week was not sufficient to dispose of them; consequently, as their house stood by the side of the road, where many citizens passed in their afternoon rides, Mrs. Morrison allowed Jessie to pluck her bouquets, and after school to place her table under the trees, where she sat to sell her flowers to persons passing by, or to others, who came to obtain plants from her father to set out in their gardens.

She was a pleasant, attractive little girl, with her simple straw hat, decorated with a wreath of flowers. The fame of her pretty bouquets, and the

story of her plan for aiding the Lord's cause, drew many to patronize her.

Some of her hyacinths were in pots, others were arranged in bunches, and mixed with a variety of spring flowers were purchased in large quantities.

Not wishing to be idle, she occupied herself with sewing; and frequently ladies stopped at the humble dwelling, to purchase from the interesting little girl.

Among those who came most frequently, was the lady with the sick daughter, and as the weather became more mild and inviting, frequently the invalid accompanied her mother in her rides. The family soon became interested in the sick stranger, for it was very evident that she was the victim of consumption, and was rapidly hastening to a better world; for Mary Thornton was a christian.

Mrs. Morrison always had a nice glass of new milk ready for the invalid, or a saucer of strawberries, of which she was very fond.

Mrs. Thornton became well acquainted with the family, and deeply interested in Jessie Morrison; she found her to be pious, and far more intelligent than children of her class generally; she soon discovered her thirst for knowledge, and desire to do good.

She furnished her with suitable books for reading, and on talking with the little girl, it was evident to Mrs. Thornton, that the Lord designed her for something more than Providence had yet made known; and the kind lady sought to know his will, for she was wealthy, and delighted in works of benevolence.

The children prospered, their after-

noon sales amounted to about one dollar daily, and on Saturdays, they frequently brought home two or three dollars, for Robert was now taking his young pigeons to market, and adding to their stock.

At the close of the first month, they had made fifteen dollars ; five were put aside for shoes, and ten were placed in their Missionary box, on which was painted "Missionary flowers."

The day at last arrived for their monthly meeting at the Sunday-school ; Sandy and Jessie folded their two five dollar gold pieces, in separate envelopes, with the mottoes, "Missionary flowers," on each, and "from Sandie Morrison" on one, from "Jessie Morrison" on the other.

When Mr. Gilbert received the proceeds of the several classes, Jessie

modestly walked up to the desk, and presented her first offering to the Lord. Her good pastor was greatly pleased, and took private opportunity to ask what the motto meant. Anxious to encourage the pious efforts of the little girl, he spoke of her flowers to many members of the flock, and thus secured a large amount of patronage.

June glowed with beauty; roses of every description adorned the garden of Mr. Morrison, and even the children had a large supply to meet the daily demands.

There was to be a Floral Fair for the benefit of the Sunday-school, and many obtained their flowers from the children to present to the fair.

Jessie was very happy in the consciousness, that even she, feeble child

that she was, could do something for the Lord.

She had never known so much happiness before, even when receiving gifts, and thus had learned the holy lesson, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

CHAPTER V.

A VOICE IN JESSIE'S HEART.

ONE morning early, the children started for their regular occupation; while the dew lay heavily upon the ground, they generally hoed, and weeded their garden. On this occasion, joyful were the bursts of delight, with which Jessie called her brother to look at the beauty which met her gaze.

“O Sandie, look at the roses. How lovely that moss rose-bud is! how they all seem to smile upon us! Brother, the Bible tells us that we are living in a world, where even the ground is cursed on account of man's sin. I have often thought if a world under

God's wrath is so beautiful, what will it be in the days of the millennium, when the curse will be removed."

"Jessie," said her brother, "I wonder if we shall live to see the day when 'righteousness shall cover the whole earth.'"

"Brother, I never feel so happy as when I am among the flowers, and then it is so pleasant to help father by our work, and to make some money for the cause of the Lord Jesus. Brother, I want to tell you a great secret," and Jessie drew nearer to Sandie, and began to whisper, "I feel that I love Jesus Christ, and the other day, when the good Missionary visited our Sunday-school, and asked, 'Who will follow me to China?' I felt as if I could say, 'Lord, when I am old enough, send me,' and, brother, I was afraid it was a proud

thought, and I could not help blushing for fear somebody should read what was in my heart; and I am almost afraid to tell you, Sandie, I feel that I am such a weak, sinful creature; but indeed, it seemed like the voice of God speaking in my heart; if it was, it will come again, and God will make it all plain, but don't say anything about it, for fear that it may be a proud thought."

"Sister, what a blessing these flowers have been to us! I do not think that we cared half so much about doing good, and serving the Lord Jesus, as we have since we found that we could do so much by raising these sweet flowers."

"Sandie, they seem just like friends to me. I love them as if they could talk, and indeed, they do talk to me a great deal about the power and

goodness and love of our heavenly Father; why, do you know, Sandie, that sometimes I find myself bidding them 'good morning,' and I often kiss the sweet buds?"

By the next month they had twenty dollars to offer, for little Robert's monthly sale of his pigeons, was four dollars, and Sandie and Jessie eight each, besides six dollars placed in the box entitled, "a help for father."

The time of their communion approached; among the applicants for admission with their parents' consent, were Sandie and Jessie Morrison.

Mr. Gilbert was very particular in his examination, and having made diligent inquiries at home, and of their teachers both in the Sabbath and day-school, was so well satisfied by the reports which he heard, and their own

simple accounts of God's dealings with their souls, that he received them into the church as real, though youthful, disciples of the Lord Jesus. Sandie's evidences were not so marked as his sister's, but there could be no doubt, that, according to his knowledge, he was sincere in his professions of love and trust in his Saviour.

It was a blessed family who gathered on that Sabbath morning around the domestic altar, where the deeply grateful father poured out a heart-warm prayer for the dear children, who would that day profess to be on the Lord's side.

Sandie and Jessie seemed to regard the act with deep solemnity, and when, with their dear parents, they partook together of the blessed emblems of their precious Saviour's love, the whole

group enjoyed some sweet foretaste of that higher feast in heaven, when they hoped to sit down and feast together at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. The experience of after years proved to Mr. Gilbert, that in this case he had acted wisely in admitting such young persons to the church of Christ, surrounded as they were continually by the discipline, guidance, and example of remarkably pious parents.

Mrs. Thornton still kept a watchful eye on Jessie, frequently visiting her, and encouraging her to persevere in her Christian walk; but her sweet daughter Mary was evidently growing weaker. One afternoon she rode out in company with her mother to Rose Cottage, supported in the carriage by pillows. She was lifted out, and laid in the parlour on Mrs. Morrison's sofa;

for some time they had to fan her, her debility having produced faintness. After taking some slight refreshment, she called Jessie to her, and said, "I think, Jessie, that this is my last visit to your cottage; the exertion is too much, it does me harm, but I am not afraid to die. Jesus is mine, and I am his. Often when I am alone, I have such sweet communion with my Saviour, that I can never describe to any human being how happy I am; but yet, Jessie, it sometimes wrings my heart to leave my mother; she will have no child when I am gone, and she loves me so dearly; but then I know that she is a real Christian, and when the trial comes, the comfort will follow."

Exhausted by these few words, she lay panting for breath, while Jessie,

bathed in tears, stood by her side, fanning her.

“Miss Mary, you will soon be done with pain and sickness; sorrow and sighing will all flee away in your heavenly home; but there is one thing I should like to tell you; ever since I became a Christian, the voice of God has been speaking loudly in my heart, and I feel as if he was preparing me to be a missionary. When I see ignorant, wicked children, I feel so anxious to be old enough to teach them; or when I see poor people, I feel so anxious to help them, I often wonder what it means; do you think it is God’s voice, Miss Mary? I know that I am too young to teach yet, but then there was little Henry, that Mrs. Sherwood wrote such a sweet story about. He was a very little boy, and yet he was

the means of converting his bearer. It was all God's work ; so if he calls me, it will all be his doing ; all I want to know is, do you think it was really God's voice ?”

Mary lay listening very earnestly. Taking Jessie's hand she said, “Ask mamma, Jessie. I know that she thinks the Lord has some blessed work for you to do ; mamma loves you, Jessie, she will be a faithful friend to you always, and I think that you will be the one to comfort her when I am gone ; but, Jessie, it seems to me that the voice of God calls us to do our duty in that station of life, where he has placed us. You are now a daughter and a sister ; you can serve God in these sweet relations now ; when you are older, there are a great many ignorant

children at home all around, whom you could teach their duty to God."

"Yes, Miss Mary, that is just what I think too, but there are very few willing to go away to distant lands, to teach the poor dark heathen children, and when one is willing to leave all, I have sometimes thought that was the way God was making known his will."

"Don't think too much about it, Jessie; perform your present duties, and pray that he will direct all your goings in your future life."

Thus these young Christians talked together; then Jessie went out, and gathered one of her sweetest bouquets, and placing it in Mary's hand, said, "That is all I have to give, but it is a gift of love, and I know that you will value it for my sake, Miss Mary."

When she had sufficiently rested, her mother had her conveyed to the carriage, and all gazed after it with sorrowful eyes, as they saw her lifted in, and beheld her looking wistfully out of the window, waving her feeble hand, and smiling faintly on the sorrowful group. It was her last farewell to Rose Cottage.

In a few days, intelligence was sent to them, that sweet Mary Thornton had entered into the joy of her Lord; and the servant came for some of Jessie's flowers to scatter over her cold remains.

With blinding tears, the little girl added a lovely bunch of white rose buds, and delicate lilies of the valley, as her own humble offering to her lamented friend.

When Mrs. Thornton came again, which was not for many weeks, it was with an altered aspect, and clad in deep mourning, for her cherished Mary slept in Jesus, and she was now a childless mother.

CHAPTER VI.

A KIND FRIEND.

THE children's flower-bed still continued its gentle teachings, and its produce yielded abundantly for the Lord. On the third month, their joint contributions had amounted to twenty-five dollars for their Missionary box, and ten for "a help to father."

They were very busy children, for their household duties, their studies, and their garden kept them fully occupied; but the latter was a delightful recreation, and they felt as if they needed no more.

Little Robert was greatly interested

in his pigeons, and kept up a good supply for the weekly market.

One morning, after a wet spell, they found that the weeds seemed to be getting too fast ahead.

“Sandie,” said Jessie, “doesn’t the garden resemble our hearts? There are so many weeds, and they require such constant watching; just so it is with sin; sometimes I feel as if my sins were almost rooted out; and just when I don’t expect it, when I think that I am serving God, up starts wicked pride to stain my motives, weariness when I attempt to praise him, a secret temptation to want my own way, when God crosses me. Oh! Sandie, sometimes I feel as if I should never be holy enough for a holy heaven.”

“Yes, sister, this is just what I find. Then you see how much faster the

weeds grow than the flowers, how hardy they are, and how easily the sweet flowers are killed; too much rain, too much sun, a little frost, any of these things may kill our sweet blossoms; but cut off the heads of the weeds, pluck off their branches ever so close, expose them to the hot sun and the heavy cold rains, they seem to grow the faster. Now, sister, this is the way with sin; while the root remains, cut off one branch, a multitude shoots out; and the delicate nature of the flowers puts me in mind of holiness, which takes root so slowly in our hearts, and so many things may hinder, and choke its growth; what is the reason?"

"Ah! Sandie, it is the soil; our hearts are, by nature, so corrupt, that if an evil seed is sown in them, it springs

up fast, and strong, just like the weeds ; but plant a seed of holiness, and oh ! how slowly it grows, how much the soil needs preparing ; yes, it must be all changed itself, before the good seed can take root."

" Well, sister, there is one comfort, the Holy Spirit can make the soil of our hearts good. He is the gracious Gardener, let us go to him every day, and pray for him to make the ground new, so that the seeds of holiness may grow, and ripen fast."

" Sandie, I often wonder what we should do without our dear Saviour. Sometimes when I try to pray, my thoughts wander away off, and even bad thoughts come in to draw my heart off from God ; then I lay my poor prayers at Jesus' feet, and I know that he will take them to my heavenly

Father, will pluck out all the weeds that are mixed with them, and offer them before God, in his own name, and if washed in his blood, they will be accepted."

All this while, the children were diligently employed in plucking up the weeds, and before they left their flower bed, it was perfectly clean and neat.

"Don't you wish, Sandie, that our hearts could be made clean and pure from sin just as soon?"

"Yes, indeed, sister, but where then would be the striving? Still there is a great comfort, for our Saviour says, that he will 'present us faultless before the presence of his glory,' at last."

"Well, Sandie, have not the flowers preached us a good sermon to day? Thank you, kind friends, you are dear

little preachers," said Jessie, as she turned to go into the house.

That afternoon, Mrs. Thornton paid them a visit. She was sad, for she had lost a lovely child; but her heart was tranquil and resigned, for she had kissed the rod which had afflicted her. Calling Jessie to her, she asked to see her alone, and soon opened the purpose of her benevolent visit.

"Jessie, I have lost my dear Mary; she loved you dearly, my child, and before she died, she told me of your last conversation with her. I have thought much of it; I do not feel prepared to answer the question which you asked her, while you are so young, because children's minds are very changeable; but in order to fit you for usefulness as a teacher somewhere, I wish to place you at a school in New

England, where young persons are qualified to teach. There you will have the very best advantages, and if your mother can spare you, I will place you there for three years, and bear all your expenses."

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Thornton, this is what I have always longed for, for although I have learned a great deal that is useful in my day-school, nothing there is taught of our duty to God; the Bible is not read there, nor prayer offered. We are only educated for this world. When I am there, I feel as if I was to live here always, and that there is no such a thing as hereafter; but in Sunday-school, I seem to feel myself quite another person. I have always wished to be where I could be instructed daily, as if I were immortal, and accountable; but I am afraid, dear

madam, that my mother cannot spare me, and I should not think it right to leave her, with no one to help her in all her cares."

"That is a right feeling, my child. If however, it is best and right for you to go, the way of Providence will be a plain path before your face; but do not let us forget to ask God to guide us all, and wait patiently for the teachings of his holy will."

Mrs. Thornton spoke to Jessie's parents on the same subject. They expressed the deepest gratitude, but saw the same difficulties, for the present, in their path. But God, their Father, was planning all wisely for them, and they piously waited for his directing hand.

They were still in the habit of hearing constantly from their daughter Effie. In the next letter that they

received, she asked permission to come to America, saying that the family at the manse was broken up, as Mrs. McLeod was dead, and her minister had gone to live with his married daughter. She could not bear the idea of going among strangers, and there were other reasons, why she wished to be with her parents. She had carefully saved her wages, and had plenty to pay her passage to America. She should wait anxiously for a letter.

The parents immediately wrote for her to come to them, and as it was now late in July, they would expect her early in October.

They regarded this letter, as some indication of God's will concerning their dear Jessie, for if Effie was at home, the only obstacle to their acceptance

of Mrs. Thornton's offer, would be removed.

“In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.” Acting upon this Christian precept, God was fulfilling his promise to them.

CHAPTER VII.

AWAY TO SCHOOL.

AUGUST and September passed away. During those two months, they had made forty dollars for their Missionary box, and fifteen for "a help to father;" making for their whole amount, one hundred and five dollars for the Missionary fund, and thirty-two for their father. This was a source of great happiness to the family; it had cost them very little, for the seeds were of small value. The growth was abundant, and the children's labour had been amply repaid, in the health which had been improved, the teachings which they had received from the lovely

flowers, and in the good which had been accomplished in the Lord's cause; the gentle ministry of their silent preachers was not yet ended. As Autumn was approaching, the children carefully gathered, and marked their seeds, looking forward to another season, with the hope of like results.

The first of October rapidly drew near, the papers were watched carefully which announced the arrivals of vessels. At last, one morning, with a joyful countenance, Mr. Morrison entered with a paper in his hand.

“The vessel has arrived, Mary, in which Effie sailed. I must go to New York, to bring her on, as she will not know how to find her way home in a strange land;” and the father was soon ready to set off for his daughter. Joyful exclamations of delight were

abundant in the happy household, as they had not seen Effie since she was a little girl, and she was now eighteen. On the evening of the next day, she was expected. The little parlour was in readiness for her reception; some pretty fall flowers were placed in the vases; the children all dressed in their Sunday attire, and a very nice meal prepared for the stranger. Sandie took the little wagon into the city, ready to meet the cars. Jessie and Robert were in a state of great excitement; long before the time appointed for their arrival, the children were running out to the middle of the road and straining their eyes to see when they appeared in the distance. They were doomed to frequent disappointments; for every wagon they imagined was their father's. At last to their unbounded delight, the

wagon appeared. They ran in to their mother, exclaiming, "Here they come, here they come;" and in a few minutes, Mr. Morrison drove up, and the happy mother received her beloved daughter in her arms. All crowded around to kiss sister Effie. She was a bright, healthy looking girl, with a frame that looked as if it had been strengthened by Highland air, and exercise. Clad in her gay Tartan plaid, she was an object of much curiosity to the youthful portion of the family.

Jessie hung around her sister, with affectionate caresses, for she had none at home to love, whom she could call sister, but little Mattie; and here was one who could be a sweet companion.

Effie was the very picture of radiant happiness, for she had been separated, for many years, from the household

circle. Her Scotch accent excited no little amusement among the children, for they had almost forgotten the language which they had lisped in their early days.

“What a sweet bairn !” said Effie, as she kissed little Mattie ; “and what a bonnie lass !” as she threw her arms once more around Jessie.

It was a happy family group, that sat around the table that evening, in their snug little parlour ; and Robert Morrison’s grace was rather longer than usual, as he returned warm thanks, and implored rich blessings upon the new member added to the family.

“Effie, you are company to night,” said her mother, “so we entertain you in our parlour ;” and then they chatted about all their family plans ; the children told about their flower-bed, Robert

about his pigeons, and the mother about good Mrs. Thornton, and her offer for Jessie.

Effie smiled as she said, "Now, mother, ye can let her go, I dinna ken that she is ower strong, and I can help about the hoose, while Jessie is awa' at school."

Effie told the story of her adventures at her home in the Highlands. They were very simple, but all had an interest for the group, who loved the youthful speaker.

She had brought a letter from her minister to her parents, and another to Mr. Gilbert, speaking warmly of her piety, and fidelity as a servant in her master's house, and expressing warm wishes for the health and happiness of his young friend, in her new home.

Mrs. Thornton was delighted to hear

of her arrival, as she now hoped that the only obstacle was removed, which prevented Jessie from going to school.

The young girl was busily engaged with her studies during the winter, and her leisure time was occupied in aiding her mother to prepare her wardrobe, as it was decided that she should go in the spring, as early as May. Her benefactress sent an abundant supply of all that was necessary for her outfit for the whole year, as she did not desire her to come home until the close of the second year. It kept them all pretty busy in the winter evenings, for, added to all their other work, there was a great deal to do.

Effie was very active with her needle, and helped with a cheerful spirit, to prepare her sister for school. Mrs. Thornton, who observed her affection-

ate industry, sent to Effie, as her Christmas gift, a full winter suit for the Sabbath.

“ Oh ! but she’s a gude lady,” said Effie ; “ and may the blessing of the Lord be upon her for ever and aye, for all her luvè to me and mine.”

When the spring flowers first showed their tender shoots, it was not quite such a joyous group, that hailed their advent, as the spring before ; for they felt that Jessie, whom they all loved so dearly, would be far away in the time of their richest bloom.

“ Jessie,” said Sandie, as he looked at the first blossoms, “ the flowers are preaching another sermon to-day. They are very sweet, but very fading ; they are here to-day, and gone to-morrow. That is like our childish joys, Jessie, they are fading too.”

“ I think I know what you mean, Sandie. We have been very happy together, brother, but we are going to part for a long while. The joys of our home are almost as short lived as the flowers. As we grow up, we cannot always be together, we must each go out into the wide, wide world, and who knows, dear Sandie, when we shall meet again ?”

“ But, sister, the flowers preach of hope too; they will bloom again, and we shall hope to meet again, and then there is a blessed place, Jessie, where we shall meet, and never part again.”

“ Sandie, I hope that you will be very careful of our sweet flowers when I am gone. Effie will help you, and the same Missionary work will still go on, while God sends the same rain and sunshine, the same buds and blossoms,

the same willing hands to labour, and loving hearts to trust."

"Let us plant two rose-bushes, sister; I will plant yours in a flower pot, that you may take it away with you, and you shall plant mine in the ground. Whenever we look at them, we will think of, and pray for each other."

Away went Sandie, and brought two small rose-bushes. They were quickly planted, and named after each affectionate child.

The time sped on almost too rapidly; when all was prepared for Jessie's departure, Mr. Gilbert, and Miss Ross, who loved the child very dearly, called to bid her farewell. Her pastor brought her a handsome Bible, with her name written in it by his own hand; and Miss Ross brought several valuable books for a young Christian. After

many affectionate charges, and most earnest prayer, her kind friends took leave of her; and Mrs. Thornton called for her, as it was her intention to take her to school, and place her there herself. She was to Jessie a second mother, and loved the dear child with almost parental love.

It was a bright May morning, and though there was sunshine above, there were tears on the faces of the loving family. The mother held her child in a close embrace, and bade God bless her Jessie. Sandie could not speak his farewell. Little Robert sobbed out good bye; and Effie, trying to smile through her tears, said farewell, and with a sister's love bade Jessie trust in God, and promised to remember her in her prayers.

The trunk was soon strapped to the

carriage, the father seated himself by Jessie's side, as he intended placing her in the cars, and the carriage drove off.

At the depot, Jessie took leave of her father, who strained her to his heart, and said, "God bless, and keep my daughter in the narrow way."

When Jessie found herself at last alone with Mrs. Thornton, she could not restrain her tears; but having relieved her feelings, with a grateful heart, she gave her hand to Mrs. Thornton, and said, "My kind friend, do not be displeased at my tears; my family are very dear to me, and we have never been separated before."

"You are very excusable, my child; but when you get to Rockwood, you will be so busy that I know you will soon be very happy."

Her friend was a pleasant travelling companion ; being very intelligent, she described all that was interesting in the places which they passed, and by every ingenious and pleasing method, drew off Jessie's thoughts from herself.

In a few days they found themselves at Rockwood, where they were kindly received by the principal.

Jessie felt somewhat frightened at first at the thought of living with so many girls, but resolving to be guided by Bible rules of duty, she committed her all to God, and was at peace. Mrs. Thornton had a private interview of some length with the principal, in which she bespoke her interest for her young charge ; and on the next morning, having seen her comfortably placed in her neat little room, and appointed her proper class in the school-room, she took leave

of Jessie, bidding her write every two weeks.

The poor child had another fit of real loneliness, when she saw Mrs. Thornton drive off; but, with a brave heart, she drove back the choking tears, and busied herself with her duties as a scholar.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE AT SCHOOL.

MISS LYMAN, the principal, was a person well qualified to conduct the business of education. She soon became deeply interested in Jessie Morrison, and acting upon Mrs. Thornton's hint, was carefully watching the bent of the young girl's mind.

Jessie was very conscientious in the performance of all her duties as a pupil, and soon exhibited decided marks of uncommon talent. She was patient and enduring; not the least daunted by difficulties. She was also self-denying and courageous. Her piety was of a deep and humble character. All

these qualities led Miss Lyman to look forward to a life of great usefulness for her beloved pupil.

The institution at Rockwood was one, whose object was chiefly to train teachers. Many had been sent out to distant places in the South and West, and quite a respectable number to posts in foreign lands, as useful, and devoted missionaries.

Wishing to place Jessie in some position where her talents could be tested, Miss Lyman gave her the charge of a class of young children, in a Sabbath-school, taught by the young ladies of Rockwood, in a school-house about a mile distant from the institution. This was a part of their training, all being required to give their services, as some compensation for their education.

Jessie was soon actively engaged in her work. When she first found herself seated before a class of smiling little children, she felt as if she had found her vocation. Her scholars could all read, but were all ignorant of the Bible; and being an untamed set of merry little urchins, required all the patience of their youthful teacher, for she was now not much over fourteen.

They were required to commit to memory a few Bible verses, and to learn hymns; not being accustomed to study, they came several times without their lessons. Miss Lyman watched Jessie's course, to see what she would do, in such an emergency. She was still patient and affectionate, but quietly gave them their Bibles, telling them to learn their lessons before they went home. Several pouted, but looking at

Jessie's countenance, seeing that she was in earnest, and knowing that she was sustained and encouraged by Miss Lyman in her course, they accordingly set about their task, and soon accomplished it. One obstinate little girl, Sarah Scott, refused to take her Bible. Jessie told her that she should wait until she had learned her lesson. Pertly she replied that "she would not."

Jessie looked inquiringly towards Miss Lyman for guidance; perceiving that she bowed her head in answer to her mute inquiry, she calmly commenced the task. The child remained obstinate. She began kicking out her feet, and in a very sullen mood, still refused obedience.

The exercises of the school at last were closed. Perceiving that the children were dismissed, Sarah prepared,

with a look of triumph, to leave the room. Jessie turned to her quietly, and said, "You cannot go until your task is done." Sarah pouted, but took her seat, for she dared not rush out before Miss Lyman. Coming up to Jessie, that lady handed her a book, and with an expressive look, said, "Perhaps you may get tired, here is an interesting book for you to read; you may have to stay a long while."

Miss Lyman was pleased with her quiet perseverance; and when the young teacher returned a few hours afterwards, that lady did not feel it necessary to ask what had been the result, as she knew something of Jessie's firmness.

It was Miss Lyman's practice to keep a private note book in which she recorded her pupils' names, and noted

all the interesting traits which she saw developed in their daily life.

Under Jessie Morrison's name, on this occasion, she wrote, "Much firmness and wisdom for one so young."

After this day, little Sarah undertook no more contests with her young teacher, but respecting her, she soon learned to love her.

On another occasion, a severe snow-storm on Saturday made the roads very bad on Sunday. Several of the girls declared that it was impossible for them to venture out. Jessie quietly looked out of the window, and saw several men plodding their way through the snow. Believing what others could do in the morning, when the roads were worse, she could accomplish in the afternoon, when they were somewhat trodden, she calmly made her prepar-

ations for her walk. Taking out her thick boots, extra stockings, and all her winter wrappings, Jessie was ready, when the time arrived, to accompany Miss Lyman.

“Are you not afraid, Jessie, of getting stalled in the snow?” said that lady.

“Are you, Miss Lyman?”

“No, my dear, I am accustomed to go out all kinds of weather,” answered her teacher.

“And I mean to be also,” said Jessie. “It is my duty to go; and at home, I was early used to hardships.”

It required all her strength and perseverance to overcome the difficulties, for much of the road had not been travelled, save by a very few footsteps; but she flinched not, and finally succeeded in reaching the school-house.

About one dozen were present, taught by Miss Lyman and herself. Another note was placed in the private book, under Jessie's name, "Great perseverance and conscientiousness."

Mrs. Thornton frequently sent to her supplies of pocket money. Jessie being very self-denying, but little was spent on her own person; while many of the girls indulged their appetites, some their love of dress, and others desire for books. Jessie seemed to care for neither of the first two; she did delight in the latter, and if tempted to indulge at all, it was in a thirst for books of an elevating and improving character.

There was in school a box for missions; and into that was dropped quietly many a dollar sent for her own wants.

In the second year of her school-life, money was sent to provide for a renewal of her wardrobe. Miss Lyman knew of this supply; and while other girls were purchasing their new spring bonnets, she observed that Jessie wore her old one, cleaned, and simply trimmed. She also observed that her dresses were remodelled, and a very few of the simplest kind added to her wardrobe.

Jessie had ordered a handsome set of the British Poets, but Miss Lyman discovered that the order was countermanded. She was still watching and wondering, and observed moreover that Jessie walked out frequently alone, and ascertained, without her knowledge, that her visits were to the house of Mrs. Roberts, a poor, but pious woman, who had been long confined to her bed

with an incurable and painful disease. Sitting up in her bed, she continued to labour for her family of four young children. Her health was rapidly failing, and unable to obtain regular supplies, Jessie found them in a state of great need and suffering. She received her supply about this time, and looking at her little fund, found that by denying herself a new bonnet, several new dresses, and especially the set of books, she could aid this poor family for many weeks. She resolved upon the sacrifice, and by her self-denying love, had contributed two dollars a week, for the last month, towards the support of the afflicted family.

Miss Lyman, hearing of her visits, called herself upon Mrs. Roberts, where she heard from the grateful christian,

all the story of Jessie's self-denying spirit.

She could now well understand, how her dear pupil could afford to bear the ridicule of some, who sneered at her old fashioned bonnet, and despised her plain and simple dress.

When she returned home, she entered again by the side of Jessie's name, "Self-sacrificing and devoted."

The young girl was not in the least aware, how closely her conduct was investigated and noted, or for what reasons.

Deeply interested in her Sabbath-school class, no weather, either of excessive heat or cold, kept her away. Very affectionate, she soon secured their warmest love. Having great aptness to teach, and ingenious in illustration and anecdote, her class was always

among the most attentive, and the look of fixed and rapt delight, with which they hung upon Jessie's words, convinced Miss Lyman, that even at fifteen, she could record beneath her name: "Born for a teacher, full of patience and love."

CHAPTER IX.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

OCCUPYING the room with Jessie, was a little girl of ten years, an orphan, and a cripple. These two circumstances had called out all the kind feelings of a loving nature, and she soon exercised over this little girl, a most happy influence. Having been neglected in early life, little Nettie had thus far lived without the fear of God to restrain her natural inclinations to deception. She had also an ungovernable temper, but a very affectionate disposition; and Jessie soon saw that if she expected to do her any good, it must be by gaining a hold upon her

warm little heart. Being an extremely unpleasant child, hitherto she had no friends, and when first associated with Jessie, supposing that, like all the rest, she must regard her as an enemy, she commenced her usual course of tantalizing and tormenting.

On the next morning, after she had passed her first night in her new room, Jessie found that a little box, which contained her soap and tooth powder, had evidently been meddled with. This annoyed her, but she said nothing at first; then her boot-strings were tied in so many knots, that she was late at breakfast; this was repeated several times, and when Nettie supposed herself unobserved, Jessie saw the dark countenance grinning maliciously over what she had done. Then again several sheets of paper were taken from her

portfolio. She found that this would never do ; so when alone, she asked Nettie why she took so much pleasure in teasing her.

“Dear me !” said the little girl, “how could you think that I would do it ? I have not seen your soap ; the witches must have tied the knots in your boots ; and as to the sheets of paper, I have enough of my own.”

“I am sorry, Nettie, that you persist in falsehood ; I saw the soap in your tray, the paper I saw you take from the portfolio, and the knots you must have tied. I will not expose you, but I am sorry that you feel so badly towards me, when I only wish to love you, and do you good.”

Nettie seemed surprised at this kind forbearing treatment, for she had always experienced the reverse ; but

looking at Jessie's countenance, and seeing there an expression of sincerity, she was sorry for her bad conduct, and though she would not confess it, inwardly resolved to cease her teasing.

That night she appeared very tired, for her hip had been uncommonly painful all day. Jessie perceived this, and when they retired, said, "Nettie, don't stand to undress, it hurts you too much; I will unfasten your clothes, and see you placed in bed."

Very gently and tenderly Jessie undressed her, laid all her clothes away in their proper place, untied her shoe-strings, and ere placing her in bed, rubbed her back with the embrocation used when she had these attacks, lifted the poor little cripple into bed, kissed her affectionately, and was in the act of leaving her, when Nettie

hastily threw her arms around Jessie's neck, burst into tears, and said "Forgive me, I will never teaze you again. I have annoyed you a great deal, but I shall love you always, if you will only let me."

Jessie assured her of her forgiveness, and said, "Now, Nettie, all I ask is, when I see you do wrong, will you listen to what I say?"

"Yes, indeed, you may say just what you please, but as to the other great girls in schools, I shall never love them."

"Well, never mind, Nettie, we will not talk about them to-night."

When Jessie had committed herself to God for the night, she retired to rest happy in the thought that she had secured a place in the heart of this wayward child.

“Nettie, have you studied your lessons this morning? You know the rule—did you study before you left your room?”

This question was asked by Miss Lyman in the presence of Jessie.

Nettie was so much afraid of displeasing her teacher, that she said, “Yes, ma’am, indeed I did for one hour.”

Jessie cast one look at poor weak little Nettie; blushes of conscious guilt instantly overspread her face, for Jessie knew that she had not opened her books once that day. Her look of real sorrow sank into Nettie’s heart more deeply, than all the bitter words of anger, which had ever been heaped upon her. When alone, she came to the young girl, and throwing her arms around her neck, said, “Oh! Jessie, forgive me, I thought that I would

never tell a lie again, but I was so frightened that I could not help it. Your sorrowful looks follow me about all day, and I shall never forgive myself for making you unhappy."

"Nettie, that is not what I want you to feel. I am glad that you love me, but I want you to be sorry for sinning against God. It is your best friend that you have offended, by breaking his holy law; it is this which makes me sorry."

"Well, Jessie, by God's help, I am determined to break this habit; won't you pray for me? I have deceived so long, that it is hard to do any better."

Jessie watched the little girl most carefully, instructed her when alone, and best of all, prayed constantly that she might be made a new creature in Christ Jesus. Treated with harsh-

ness by other girls, she was still to them spiteful and revengeful; but to Jessie, who had found the key which unlocked her heart, she was docile, affectionate, devoted.

Having had the character of a pest and nuisance so long, it was hard for the poor child to obtain credit from any of the girls save Jessie, in her efforts for amendment.

“Really, Jessie, I must admire your taste,” said Maria Leslie; “I can’t imagine what you see in that ugly, swarthy little cripple, to make such a fuss about. I believe that her disposition is as crooked as her body. I think that she is perfectly hateful.”

“That is exactly the reason, Maria, why I try to be kind to her, and bear with her. She has no personal attraction but her bright black eyes. She

is a poor afflicted child, with a peculiarly unpleasant disposition, so that no body loves her ; but I have found, Maria, that she has a warm affectionate heart, and I can see already, that she is powerfully influenced by love."

"You are welcome to all her caresses, Jessie. I would as willingly be kissed by a monkey, as by her."

"Oh ! Maria, dont talk so, God has made her thus, and we should pity, instead of ridiculing her."

"Do as you choose, Jessie, but don't expect me to be kind to her. I am not so deceitful."

Jessie's influence was on the increase ; the poor child did really wish to be better, but her old habits of ill-nature and falsehood were not so soon conquered. In return for Jessie's uniform forbearance and kindness, Nettie's devotion

was unbounded. She contended that Jessie was the prettiest, and sweetest, and smartest girl in school; and woe to the girl that ever spoke a word against her in the hearing of the warm-hearted child! And Jessie well deserved her love; she aided her in her lessons, read the Bible to her, and instructed her, rubbed her poor lame back when she was suffering, and in every way endeavoured to exercise a holy influence over the afflicted child. Frequently, when Nettie was unable to take exercise out of doors, Jessie would remain with her, entertaining her with pleasant chat, and interesting stories; and as the lame child had to spend much of her time in the house, Jessie taught her many useful ways of employing her time, so that she became quite a proficient in crochet-work, and different

modes of knitting. As her aunt kept her well supplied with worsted and silk, Jessie must have a purse, and a hood, a talma, and a scarf, and the busy little fingers helped to keep her spirit cheerful, while working industriously for one she so dearly loved.

If she had an apple, or a cake, or any little delicacy, she could never enjoy it, unless Jessie shared it with her; and her friend daily found that the poor child had really fine traits of character, which only needed proper treatment to bring into exercise. Before she came to Rockwood, she had been in the habit of retiring to bed, and going about her daily duties without prayer. She neglected her Bible, and was brought up by a worldly aunt, in quite a heathen manner; but now the good seed seemed to be taking root. She

was very attentive, and often serious, when Jessie read to her, frequently asking questions, was faithful in her devotions, and exhibited many encouraging marks of interest in sacred things. Her conduct generally was much improved, and though her temper was still irritable, she endeavoured to control it, and often did succeed, even under powerful temptations to anger. She kept close to Jessie, for she really seemed to look up to her youthful guide with reverence. Jessie hoped that the Holy Spirit was leading her little charge into all truth, and was pleased with the increasing tenderness of conscience which Nettie daily exhibited.

Ever since Jessie had been at school, she had kept up a constant and affectionate correspondence with the dear

ones at home, and also with her kind friend, Mrs. Thornton, who had paid her several visits at Rockwood. She was delighted to hear of the continued success of the Missionary flower-bed, and much excited by a late letter received from her dear friend and Sabbath-school teacher, Miss Ross, who announced her intention of going to India as a missionary in a very few months. She was about to marry the Rev. Mr. Nelson, and was now making preparations to leave America.

Jessie was very thoughtful after the receipt of this letter, the old desires of former years visited her heart once more, but with increasing power, and she felt as if, some day, these earnest longings would lead her at last to a foreign land. Sometimes she communicated her wishes to Miss Lyman, who

always directed her to ask counsel of the Lord, in all the great affairs of life.

Her second year was now drawing to a close. At the next vacation, she was to return home to visit her family, and joyful were the bright anticipations, with which she looked forward to the happy day, when she should again be folded in the arms of her dear parents.

She was now sixteen, had grown rapidly, and was greatly improved in appearance. She had made excellent use of her privileges, and would take home to her friends a number of prizes, and the warmest commendation of her faithful and affectionate friend, Miss Lyman.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER VACATION.

THE exercises were all over, and many of the girls had departed. Poor little Nettie clung more closely to Jessie, as she did not expect to go home this vacation. Her spirits were very low at the idea of parting with her dear friend, even for a few weeks. At last Mrs. Thornton arrived. Jessie was all ready, and took leave of her kind friends with grateful affection. As Nettie clung around her neck, she whispered, "Who will love and guide me when you are gone?"

"Be a good girl, Nettie, love Miss Lyman; she will be as kind a friend to

you, as she has been to me, if you are only obedient."

The carriage was waiting at the door, Jessie's trunks were all strapped, and with a pleasant smile to all who stood on the piazza watching the party, she sprang in, and rapidly drove off.

"Now for dear Rose Cottage; when shall we be there, Mrs. Thornton?"

"In two days, my dear. How your friends will be surprised, Jessie, to see the change which has taken place! You went away quite a little girl; two years have changed you into a young woman."

"And how are Effie, and Sandie, and Robert? I suppose little Mattie is running about, and talking quite plain. Dear father and mother, I can scarcely wait to see them."

At the close of the second day,

Robert Morrison was waiting at the depot with his little wagon; and the moment that he spied Mrs. Thornton, he knew that the fine intelligent looking girl by her side, was his darling Jessie. Regardless of observation, she threw herself into her father's arms, and in the joy of meeting once more, the pain of long absence was soon forgotten.

They drove rapidly home. Jessie could not restrain her tears at the sight of the familiar objects which met her gaze; and when the wagon stopped at the cottage door, and old Tray bounded around her feet, and her mother clasped her daughter in speechless joy, while Effie, Sandie, Robert, and little Mattie, all received her with such a heart-warm welcome, Jessie's heart was full of happiness, and as she looked around, with eyes brimful of

tears, she said, "Dear, dear Rose Cottage, how sweet it looks!"

She had left in May, it was now the first of April, when the trees were clad in vivid green, and the young blossoms were bursting in all their freshness and beauty. Her first visit was to the garden, where early spring flowers were just beginning to bloom. She had left Sandie's rose-bush at Rockwood, as she expected to return for another year.

When he pointed to the one which she had planted, she found that it had grown into a very large bush, and in its season bloomed abundantly.

Turning to her brother, she said, "You don't know what a comfort the rose-bush was to me at school. I kept it in my own room, and many an evening when I sat there alone, it used to

talk so sweetly to me of home, and brother Sandie, that it seemed almost like one of our own family.”

Sandie gave her a full account of the progress of their Missionary flowers, saying that last season, they had contributed one hundred dollars to the Lord's cause, and forty for “A help to father.”

The four weeks passed rapidly by; Jessie was hailed with great delight by her friend, Miss Ross, and dear Mr. Gilbert. During her stay, her teacher was married, and sailed for India. Before she left, a farewell meeting was held at their church, where Mr. Gilbert and others commended their cause and themselves to the care of a kind heavenly Father; and when Jessie saw the feeling exhibited by the parents of Miss Ross, when they bade her fare-

well, she wondered whether her dear parents would ever be called to experience a similar trial.

As Mrs. Nelson bade farewell to Jessie, she whispered, "Follow me to India, Jessie; it would be delightful to have you with me as a teacher."

These words sank deeply in her heart, and often, in her musing hours, she recalled the sweet impressive memory of this parting charge.

By the first of May, Mrs. Thornton conveyed her young friend once more to Rockwood to complete her studies.

Nettie, knowing when to expect her, was standing on the piazza, anxiously watching for her friend; and though she could not run to meet her, she called out, "Dear Jessie, have you come again? Oh! how glad I am! I have been so lonesome."

Miss Lyman embraced her beloved pupil, and joyfully hailed her return, as she had always been one of her greatest comforts.

Jessie ran up to her room, and found that Nettie had been very faithful to her rose-bush ; watering it daily, and protecting it from harm.

This was a year of great improvement to Jessie ; at its close, she graduated with high honours, and Miss Lyman had seldom parted with a pupil of such promise as Jessie Morrison.

Under her sweet influence, Nettie had continued to exhibit decided evidences of childish piety, and even those formerly most opposed to her, acknowledged that a great change had been wrought in the once perverse child. Under the influence of her new character, an expression of gentleness,

and a warm glow of happiness lighting up her bright eyes, made even little Nettie sometimes look pretty; for, after all, expression of the heart's loveliness is real beauty.

When she came to take leave finally of Jessie, her poor little heart was almost broken, for she was sure that none would love her as well as her dear friend; but it was some comfort to know that her aunt lived in the suburbs of the city, near Jessie's home, and that when she returned to N——, she would see her friend frequently, and perhaps attend the same Sabbath-school.

Miss Lyman had become very much attached to little lame Nettie, and seeing the impression made upon her by Jessie's management, took her especially under her own care, placing

her in a single bed in her own room, and endeavouring, as much as possible, to supply to her the place of Jessie Morrison.

Jessie's return was a most joyful occasion at home. Soon she resumed her usual occupations, took a class in the Sabbath-school, and became one of the most useful, and devoted, among the labourers in the blessed field. She still cultivated and sold her flowers, and the fruits of their humble efforts were gathered in future years of abundant harvest.

None were more successful than Jessie, as a Sabbath-school teacher. Untiring in her efforts, self-denying and prayerful, blessed results followed her labours, and several, by her earnest prayers and consistent example, were

led into the fold of the blessed Redeemer.

Another year passed away. Sweet and holy was the influence of the youthful disciple; though her origin was so humble, she was universally respected for her consistent and intelligent piety; and Mrs. Thornton watched her ripening character with the deepest interest.

One morning, when Jessie presented herself before her class, whom should she see, sparkling and glowing with delight, but little Nettie Moore, who rose to meet her darling friend.

“Where did you come from, Nettie?” inquired her friend.

“I have just returned from school, and when I asked my aunt to let me come to Sabbath-school, at first she laughed at me, and said that none but

poor children came ; but when I coaxed her very hard, she consented, saying that I might do as I pleased, and I hurried off this morning, in company with a little girl, who lives near us, and comes here to Sabbath-school, and here I am once more, and so happy."

" Nettie, I am really very glad to see you ; it has been a whole year since we parted, and you have grown a great deal. Do you expect to go back again ?"

" I do not ; my back is a great deal better, and I can walk now. My aunt is going to send me to school in the city ; so dear Miss Morrison, I can be your Sunday scholar. I shall be so happy.

Jessie was pleased to have her warm-hearted little friend once more under

her care, and found that the new motives of action, which she had hoped began to operate in school, were now ripening into principles. Even Nettie's aunt, who was a very worldly woman, acknowledged that she was greatly changed, since she had been away from home; but she attributed it to her own superior sagacity, in discovering that a boarding school was the only place for such a wilful child.

In the meanwhile, our young friend was rapidly growing in grace; consistent at home, her example was of a very influential character, and Mr. Gilbert looked upon her, and loved her, as one of the most useful members of his church.

The "Missionary Flowers" still offered them abundant means of useful-

ness, and Jessie felt that she could never be grateful enough to her father, for the kind thought which had first suggested this humble means of blessing so many.

CHAPTER XI.

LEAVING ALL TO FOLLOW JESUS.

JESSIE corresponded regularly with Mrs. Nelson, and the accounts which she received of missionary life increased her desire to devote herself to that blessed work. She read all that she could find concerning India, but as no very marked indication of God's will was manifest as yet, she talked very little, but prayed much upon the subject.

In about two years after Mrs. Nelson's departure, information was received, that as her health had suffered much from the climate, it was deemed advisable for her to return to her own

country, to recruit her exhausted energies ; therefore, her friends were told to expect her in the following Autumn.

Accordingly late in October, she arrived, very much altered, sallow and thin ; the climate had made great inroads upon her constitution.

Jessie visited her frequently, and was never tired of hearing accounts of the manners and customs of that heathen land, and of the children who had been gathered into the Mission schools.

Mrs. Nelson frequently spoke of the death of teachers, stating that there were many who would come to their schools, if there were only more labourers.

Jessie ventured, on one occasion, to speak of her long cherished desires.

“ Shall I tell you, Mrs. Nelson, that for four years, this has been the great

wish of my life, that I might be permitted, at some future day, to labour in this field for my Saviour?"

"Jessie, I have always hoped that God would send you to me, and now it does appear, as if he were making the way plain before your face. Without your knowledge, Mrs. Thornton placed you where you could best be qualified for such a life. Your sister is now at home with your mother, the field is white to the harvest, I am just in need of such a help as you would be to me in my school in India, and being under our care, your parents would more willingly give you up to the Lord. Let us pray, dear Jessie, for Divine guidance."

After careful self-examination, and frequent consultations with Mr. Gilbert and Mrs. Thornton, and after

earnest, believing prayer, Jessie was convinced that duty called her to this distant field, and Mr. Gilbert was requested to break the subject to her parents.

Instead of being startled at the proposition, Mr. Morrison replied, "I am not surprised, Mr. Gilbert, at your suggestion, for I have long had a silent conviction, that our Lord designed our darling Jessie for great usefulness; and what am I, poor sinful man, that He should so honour me, as to use a child of mine in such a glorious service? So far from objecting, although I love my dear child with a father's warmest love, I willingly resign her to the Saviour who died for her, if he has work for her in that distant land. I have nothing to say, only Lord take her, and make her a burning and

a shining light in that land of darkness.”

Mrs. Morrison sympathized entirely with her husband, and these devoted Christians willingly laid their dear child on the altar, esteeming the sacrifice small for One who had laid down his blessed life for them.

When her application was laid before the Missionary Board, Miss Lyman's notes, so carefully preserved, were conclusive as to her eminent qualifications; and the universal testimony of her pastor, and other Christian friends, led the Board to hope that they had secured a valuable labourer in the field of missions.

During this year, Jessie was daily employed in a course of study, such as Mrs. Nelson was qualified to conduct, and as she was well acquainted with

the Hindoo language, she was a competent teacher for a very apt and industrious scholar.

Mrs. Nelson's health rapidly improved, and at the close of the year, she was so much better, that it was deemed proper that she should return to her field of labour.

The time arrived for their departure ; all the necessary preparations being made, the farewell meeting was held at Mr. Gilbert's church. When he looked upon the youthful missionary, his mind went back to the period, when she presented her first offering to the Lord, entitled " Missionary Flowers ;" and he remembered how the name had struck him, as perhaps indicative of the future course of the young girl ; he remembered how earnestly he had prayed, that the sweet flower of her

own youth, should be the Lord's ; now, he thanked God for this answer to his humble prayer, and took encouragement for the future.

It was a melting season ; for all who knew her, loved Jessie Morrison ; and though her parents willingly resigned her, some natural tears must fall, when they realized that perhaps, in this world, they never might see their Jessie again. Mrs. Thornton, though seeing the fulfilment of her long cherished hopes, had not, until now, realized how tenderly she loved her young charge, and found it difficult to suppress the rising feeling of regret, at parting with her beloved child ; still Christian faith triumphed, and she rejoiced that she had been the instrument of sending out such a promising young servant, into the vineyard of the Lord.

Miss Lyman also was present on this occasion, and blessed God for the realization of her earnest desires for Jessie Morrison; and little warm-hearted Nettie was one of the most deeply affected spectators; her poor little heart almost bursting with sorrow at the thought of losing her dear teacher.

After the meeting, Jessie tried to comfort her, telling her that many were willing to labour at home, but few who seemed called to labour in the Lord's vineyard in foreign lands, and that she ought to be willing to give up one she loved for Jesus' sake.

We must not suppose that this rending of domestic ties cost Jessie nothing; she loved her home, her parents, her brothers and sisters, and her friends. Every tree, and bush, and flower were

cherished objects of affection, but she loved Jesus more, and having given up all, she was willing to take up her cross, and follow her Lord "through evil, as well as good report;" through poverty and privation, as well as through ease and comfort.

When the hour came to say farewell, Sandie's grief, especially, almost overpowered poor Jessie. Her parents were sustained in the parting scene, and could still say, "Lord, she is thine, take her for thy service."

As Jessie turned away from the home of her youth, she gazed mournfully out of the window, as long as she could see her beloved Rose Cottage, and realized something of the bitterness of leaving, perhaps for ever, objects so long and tenderly cherished.

In company with Mrs. Nelson, and

several other missionaries, she set sail for Calcutta, and as her native shores receded from her sight, she felt that, sustained by divine grace, she could sing :

“ Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou henceforth my all shalt be.”

The voyage was long, but Jessie busily occupied herself in the study of the language, having pursued it for one year before leaving home. By the time of her arrival, she understood it well enough to teach. At the close of the fourth month, they entered the Bay of Bengal ; passing by the beautiful island of Ceylon, she was struck with the richness and beauty of its natural productions, and as she advanced up the bay, her whole attention was en-

grossed; every thing was so new, so strange, so entirely different from all that she had ever seen or imagined.

The sight of the Hindoo temples, meeting her at every point, filled her heart with tender compassion for the benighted heathen, who there bowed in blindness to dumb idols.

The contrast between the brilliant scenes which bloomed around her, in the magnificent foliage, and superb flowers of that oriental land, and the deep degradation and idolatry which enslaved the immortal soul, filled her with indescribable emotions; and her young heart sent up earnest prayers, that God would bless her feeble efforts, in making known the precious tidings of a Saviour's love.

When they drew near Calcutta, boats filled with natives came out to

meet their vessel, and as Jessie gazed upon their swarthy countenances, her heart was drawn out at once towards them, in feelings of deepest compassion, and Christian love.

They were hailed with great joy by the Mission family, who looked with deep gratitude upon the little band of five more missionaries, added to their number.

The first few days were occupied in visiting different places of interest in Calcutta. In every direction, Jessie's heart was pained by the sight of idols of gold, silver, and clay, not only in the temples, but in the streets for sale, in private houses, everywhere calling upon Christians to elevate the standard of the Lord, in this strong hold of the "Prince of darkness."

When Jessie looked upon the swarm-

ing multitudes of heathen, with their countless temples, and their disgusting rites of idolatry, and then turned to the little band of disciples among all this dark dominion, her heart almost sank within her; but when she remembered how the walls of Jericho fell before the Lord, by the simple blowing of a few rams' horns, when she thought of the little band of twelve disciples filling the world with the doctrines of the cross, she closed the eye of sense upon the dismal scene, and looking upon it with an eye of faith, she rejoiced in the certain downfall of this dark idolatry, and blessed God for sending her, as one of his feeble instruments in hastening on the latter day of glory. Already she saw in the distance, the destruction of Hindoo temples, the vanishing of idols,

and where now naught was seen but the dark signs of heathenism, in their place erected the glorious standard of the cross, with thousands of converted souls bowing beneath its power.

In a short time, she was placed in Mrs. Nelson's school, having the charge of a class of twenty Hindoo children. They were both ignorant and stupid, but she realized that they were immortal, besotted heathen, and with simple, earnest faith, she laboured patiently, assured that God, in his own good time, would give his blessing.

After these days of toil in a very hot climate, sweet was the evening gathering of the Mission family in their happy home. Never had Jessie experienced more of the preciousness of communion with God, than when in this land of superstition, this little band

could gather around their Saviour, and realize his blessed presence.

The family consisted of three missionaries and their wives, Jessie, and Miss Nelson, sister of the missionary, four little children, and four Hindoo servants.

When the time arrived for the journey of the car of Juggernaut, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson took Jessie and Miss Nelson with them to witness this dark procession, in order that their hearts might be still more deeply affected by a sense of the degradation and misery which prevailed everywhere. It was a hideous spectacle, and the frantic yells uttered by the wretched devotees, added to the horrors of the scene.

CHAPTER XII.

LIFE IN INDIA.

AFTER this journey, Jessie wrote the following letter to her brother :

CALCUTTA, *Dec. 20th*, 18—.

DEAR SANDIE,—It is now six o'clock in the evening; with you it is six in the morning. I suppose that you are now preparing for breakfast, and I feel that I am always remembered in the hour of family devotion. I watch these returning periods in this distant land, and when I think my father is praying for me, I join in these petitions, if it be only a feeble ejaculation shot quickly up to Heaven, some-

times in the midst of my duties at school.

What a blessed privilege is this communion of saints! How it unites our hearts, though continents and oceans separate our bodies! I often visit your rose-bush, dear Sandie, and as I used to do in days of childhood, I kiss it, and talk to it still, because it always represents my darling brother.

I have so much to say that I scarcely know where to begin, but this much I can say, each day that I live, I am more deeply convinced that I am just where I ought to be, and where I can most effectually promote my Redeemer's kingdom, in one of the very darkest parts of Satan's cruel dominions.

I can scarcely give you any idea, Sandie, of the rich beauty which everywhere adorns the face of nature, the

most superb flowers, and magnificent trees, in fact every thing to please the eye of taste; nor can I pretend to give you any idea of the deep misery and dark idolatry which everywhere prevail. The gorgeous temples are crowded with benighted worshippers, the houses are filled with heathen idols; and, would you believe it, Sandie? English vessels actually bring out from London, cargoes of idols, manufactured there, and brought here as articles of merchandize! Will not God visit a professedly Christian nation for such iniquity?

Miss Nelson and I were walking on the banks of the Ganges a few evenings since, when we witnessed what we have so often read of. We saw several women coming in the distance, with smiling infants in their arms; as

they drew near, we saw the little things clinging to their mothers' necks, and some of them playing with their hair, and gazing with their innocent eyes upon the hard faces of their heathen parents, bent upon the cruel sacrifice of their own offspring. They were making a hideous noise, and as they approached, we felt as if we must rush forward, and implore them to do these innocents no harm; but while we stood watching the fearful scene, simultaneously they threw the poor infants into the dark river. Several came to the surface two or three times, then sank to rise no more; but one poor little thing was instantly caught up by one of the crocodiles, which are always watching for prey. It was awful to see the mothers turn away unmoved, but I could follow the babes to

that place beneath the throne, where they have joined the slaughtered innocents of other centuries. At least for this portion of heathendom, through the blessed Redeemer, we have hope.

Last week we witnessed the bloody procession of the dreadful car of Juggernaut. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson took their sister and me to one of the points through which it passed. I shall never forget the scene; many poor deluded victims of superstition rushed forward like maniacs, and threw themselves beneath the ponderous wheels to be crushed, staining the road over which the car rolled so heavily, with the blood of their mangled bodies.

There are days devoted to especial heathen rites, when it is not proper for a delicate female to be seen out of

doors ; so disgusting are some of their horrid ceremonies.

Oh ! Sandie, these are indeed the dominions of the "Prince of darkness," but they are doomed to fall beneath the power of the all conquering cross. How long, O Lord ! how long shall this dark reign continue ?

How inexpressibly precious are our Christian privileges in this heathen land ! How sweet the hours when we meet our blessed Lord !

I am busily engaged in teaching daily a class of twenty Hindoo children, both male and female. They are very ignorant and stupid, but I think I see some improvement. I also teach a class of Hindoo women every Sabbath, who are very anxious to learn how to read.

We have a Hindoo servant that inter-

ests me deeply. His name is Gopal. He attends upon our services regularly. He has learned how to read the Gospel of John very rapidly, and often comes to me after I come home from school, to teach him, and explain the meaning of the Gospel. He is the most promising Hindoo that I have met. We all think him uncommonly intelligent, and very anxious to learn. He is dissatisfied with idolatry, and though he still has his little god, I do not think that he worships it as devoutly, as when he first came; he seems very unhappy.

DEC. 30th,—I am writing this letter to be ready for the first opportunity that offers; consequently you see different dates. Gopal continues to visit me privately; he seems mild and teachable, asks me a great many questions about the Lord Jesus. He says that

he feels he is a sinner, and that heathen gods have never done him any good; he wants to know the truth, his faith in his gods is shaken; he is without hope, and yet afraid to become a Christian, on account of the dreadful system of caste, which here prevails. He will be an outcast from his family, and an object of cruel persecution, if he renounces idolatry.

JAN. 10th,—Gopal follows me constantly, will do any thing for me. His affection is very touching. To-day he came in tears, “Oh! missy, what shall me do? Me, a poor lost sinner, me want to find the good Lord Jesus.”

“Do you pray to your gods any more, Gopal?” “Oh! no, missy, they no hear me, they do my poor soul no good, I throw them all away.”

Sandie, you can easily imagine how

I felt when talking to the poor Hindoo. I directed him, as well as I knew how, to "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world;" and looking at me, while tears streamed down his swarthy cheeks, he said, "I believe that Jesus is my only Saviour; will he save poor lost Gopal?"

He receives the gospel with all the simplicity of a little child, but I tremble for the trial of his faith that is yet before him. Let us pray that it fail not.

JAN. 15th,—Mr. Nelson has carefully examined Gopal, and believing him to be a real subject of divine grace, tomorrow he is to be baptized in company with another convert. When this becomes known, he will be exposed to dreadful persecution, but I believe that he will remain steadfast.

JAN. 18th,—On Sunday last, Gopal

was baptized. His deportment is humble, prayerful, consistent. During the ceremony, I saw two or three swarthy countenances scowling in at the window. I suppose that they were his parents, for in the evening they came, and with volleys of abuse, commanded him to return home, but he firmly refused to go; whereupon they pronounced upon him the most bitter curses, and for that evening retired.

On the following evening Gopal went outside of the grounds for a few minutes, when a company of his relatives, who had been watching for him, laid hold of him, beat him most unmercifully, and were about cutting out his tongue, when Mr. Nelson heard the uproar, and hastening out, with the help of the male missionaries, and the other servants, succeeded in rescuing

him from their cruel hands, and brought him in all mangled and bleeding from the injuries received. The forgiving temper manifested by poor Gopal convinces us of the reality of his conversion. He is more intelligent than any of his class, and we hope much from his anxiety to benefit his benighted brethren. I feel, dear Sandie, that I am not labouring in vain, and would add that all my class of women can read the Gospel, and that most of my day scholars can read also. If I only succeed in that, it will be one step towards bringing them acquainted with the good tidings of the gospel. Mr. Nelson tells me that it is time to close my letter, as the vessel sails to-morrow.

Give my love to my dearest parents ; say that my heart longs for a sight of their dear faces, but that I have never

for one moment regretted my sacrifice in leaving them.

I have sent mother a beautiful fan, father a copy of the gospel in the Hindoo language, and a likeness of Jessie in her school; also some very choice flower-seeds, which perhaps might grow in my sweet bed at home.

It was a pleasant thought to devote the money raised there to Jessie's school in a heathen land. I shed tears of grateful joy when I received it.

There are some little gifts all marked for Sandie, Effie, Robert, and little Mattie. I have written to Mrs. Thornton, and Miss Lyman, and sent something also to them. Mr. Gilbert will receive a box of idols which have been worshipped in the heathen land. When shown in the Sabbath-school, I think that they will understand what idola-



Jessie teaching the young Hindoos.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a complex and multifaceted story that spans centuries. It begins with the early Native American civilizations, such as the Mayans, Aztecs, and Incas, who built sophisticated societies in the Americas. The arrival of European explorers in the late 15th and early 16th centuries marked the beginning of a new era of discovery and colonization. The English, Spanish, and French established colonies across the continent, each with its own unique culture and traditions. The American Revolution, which began in 1775, was a pivotal moment in the nation's history, leading to the birth of the United States as an independent country. The struggle for independence was followed by a period of growth and expansion, as the nation's territory grew from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific. The Civil War, which lasted from 1861 to 1865, was a defining moment in the nation's history, as it resolved the issue of slavery and preserved the Union. The Reconstruction era, which followed the war, was a period of significant change and progress, as the nation sought to rebuild and reunite. The late 19th and early 20th centuries were a time of rapid industrialization and technological advancement, which transformed the nation into a global power. The Great Depression of the 1930s was a major challenge for the nation, but it was overcome through the leadership of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal. The United States played a central role in the Second World War, which ended in 1945. The post-war period was a time of peace and prosperity, but it was also a time of social and political change, as the nation grappled with the civil rights movement and the Vietnam War. The late 20th and early 21st centuries have been a time of continued growth and progress, as the nation has embraced new technologies and global challenges. The United States remains a leading power in the world, and its history continues to shape the future of the nation and the world.

try really teaches. When you write again, ask father if he will not send me a family group; do not leave out old Tray.

And now, dear Sandie, farewell for a time. My best love to all my Christian friends. Tell them to remember constantly in their prayers, their humble missionary, and your affectionate sister,

JESSIE MORRISON.

Jessie heard by every conveyance from home, and many comforts and sweet tokens of remembrance gladdened her young heart in her distant home. She was very happy in her labours of love. The children of her day-school were attracted by her bright and cheerful spirit, and though they caused her much perplexity, and many trials of patience, still upon the whole,

her influence was steadily on the increase.

In the second year, her health began to suffer ; then came visitations of homesickness, and sometimes in her hours of debility, she longed for the bosom of her mother, where she might for a while rest from her weary toils.

Believing the change necessary, Mr. Nelson sent her for a while to another station, nearer the mountains, where the cooler climate would recruit her exhausted energies. Gopal mourned over the absence of his young teacher, but she wrote to him constantly, and rejoiced to find that he was fitting himself for a minister to his benighted countrymen. He highly valued the friendship of our young disciple, for it was chiefly under her influence, that

he was led to renounce his idols, and embrace Christianity.

At the close of a few months, when the excessive heat at Calcutta had somewhat subsided, Jessie returned to her post, and joyfully resumed her missionary labours. God blessed her humble toil; several of her adult class were convinced of the sin of idolatry, but fearing the dread results of apostasy, hesitated for some time; but under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, were strengthened to give up all for Jesus, and Jessie was happy in these blessed results. At the next season of communion, a few more Hindoo converts sat down with them to the table of the Lord, and the work prospered around them.

After due preparation, Gopal was ordained as a minister of the Lord Jesus.

He manifested much talent, and the Mission family thought that a visit to America by this converted Hindoo, might do much for their cause; therefore, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, who were about returning to recruit their health, Gopal set sail for the United States.

He still wore his Hindoo dress, and being a fine looking young man, presented quite an imposing appearance. Having improved rapidly, he spoke the English language well.

Bringing letters to Mr. Gilbert, they were warmly received by the good man and his people. On the following Sunday after their arrival, Gopal visited Mr. Gilbert's church.

When the people assembled, seated in the pulpit, by the side of their pastor, they beheld a young man dressed

in the garb of a Hindoo. He had a swarthy complexion, but there glowed over his dark features, and beamed from his black eyes, such a bright expression of warm Christian love, as bespoke at once for him the deepest interest in the message he was about to deliver. As he stood surveying this Christian assembly, mighty emotions seemed struggling for utterance, when he addressed the congregation :

“ My friends, I have come from a distant land, where darkness still reigns. My home is on the distant plains of Hindostan ; there in my youth, I was taught to bow down to idols of wood and stone, who could do my soul no good. I read in your blessed Bible, that angels are sent to minister to the heirs of salvation, and it sometimes seems to me, as if there are still some

on the earth, who in human form still bless the world. If a messenger is sometimes styled an angel, you sent one to me. Four years ago, from out this church, you sent a bright eyed loving Christian to our land. When I was a poor benighted heathen, she came, and taking my dark hand, she asked me what my idols had ever done for my soul, and then she spoke of Jesus, and his dying love. My soul was touched. I studied the Gospel, I believed the Gospel, I threw my idols to the moles and the bats. I became a Christian ; my parents cast me off ; my brothers and sisters hated me, but the friends of Jesus loved and cherished poor Gopal ; they gave me a good education, and I stand before you to-day, a follower of the Lord Jesus, ready to preach the Gospel of the Son of God

to the benighted heathen in distant India. Will you not help us, my friends? Your own young missionary is labouring there yet, and I stand here to-day to bless God that you ever sent Jessie Morrison to India."

No words can describe the effect of this speech upon the congregation. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, with Jessie's brothers and sisters, wept tears of gratitude and joy; and Mrs. Thornton, Jessie's faithful friend, lifted up her heart in fervent thanksgiving, that she had lived to see this blessed day.

There are many little missionaries needed in our land. First give yourselves, dear children, to the Lord, and he will show you in what way he wishes you to serve him.

As loving and obedient children, as kind and affectionate brothers and sis-

ters, as good scholars in the Sabbath-school, where children can do much to serve him, you may all glorify his holy name. If asked *where* you can serve the Lord: let it be answered at home, by the fireside, in school, by the wayside; at business, or at play, you may all be little missionaries of love and kindness, apostles of peace and gentleness, and may hasten on the blessed reign of Jesus, "when all shall know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest;" and when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea."







